

AN ANSWER

To the Pamphlet called, *The Loyal Feast*: Or a true Description
of His Majesties Deep-dy'd Scarlet Protestants: *The true be-*
gotten Sons of the Whore of Babylon.

To the same Tune.

Sauneey will never be my Love again.

Tories are Tools of the *Irish* Race,
And well belov'd by Blades of the Town;
They've *Irish* Hearts, but an *English* Face,
And Dammee and Huzza is all their tone.
With Abhorring and Addressing their time is spent,
Quaffing and Cursing, though all in vain:
But the main thing they fear is an honest Parliament,
For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.

2.

Tories are made like *Bristol* Cans,
Round and hollow, but I'll tell you more anon;
The Word is, *Dammee Jack!* meet me at *Sams*;
There's honest *Roger*, and Flat-footed *Tom*,
Huffing and swearing in Silk so fine,
Black-Coats, Red-Coats, Lord and Swain;
E're long they'll Petition *Cæsar* to resign,
For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.

3.

These are the Lads that fight the Pope's Cause,
And all resolved, like pious good men,
To hang by nothing but the Right Line and Laws,
If the Pope and his Crew return not again;
Bristol's Tears and *England's* Woes,
With *Scotland's* Groans, do tell us plain,
They will not take the Oaths they impose,
For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.

4.

These are the Babes that wou'd shirk off the Plot,
And under the Name of the Churches true Sons,
Swear, Lye, and Sham, to have it forgot;
But a Pox take the Fops, they talk not to Nuns.
They'll

They'll swear (but who'll be thus deceiv'd)
 That *Godfrey* murder'd himself 'tis plain;
 But the Devil on't is, they can't be believ'd,
Because the Tory's a Rogue in Grain.

5.

But hark! sure I hear the noise of a Feast,
Mars and his Sons, with a glorious Show,
 The thing's very true, though I took it for a Jeast:
 But here pray observe how they march'd from *Bow*,
 O! the vast number, and well accoutr'd too:
 These Bonny Boys, with their glistening Train;
 But yet the hir'd Feathers, and Fagot Merchants knew,
That Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.

6.

The Board being spread with store of Flesh and Fish,
 The Fat Kid, Wine, and other things besides;
 The *French* Mode observ'd, to garnish every Dish,
 and each Course serv'd up with Crucifix and Bread:
 Oaths Rot the *Whigs*, with *Huzza's* flew about;
 But Slavery and Oppressions, there lay the Main,
 And all to please the Image of the Rour,
For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.

7.

Many fine Shows, and other pleasant Games,
 Were offer'd after all, to please Spectators Eyes;
 The chiefest of which, was *London's* fatal Flames;
 May Curses still attend those that Mischief devise:
 These are the Saints, who plead *Common-Good*,
 Our Persons to secure, but their Intent is plain,
 To Crown us with Slavery, and Christen us in Blood;
For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.

8.

God save the KING, and the true Royal *James*,
Monmouth's Duke, and *Tony*, *England's* Friend,
 And all the Honest Souls, tho' I omit their Names:
 May Mischief in earnest their Enemies attend:
 But for those Rogues, that Truths do oppose,
 And for *Rome's* Cause, have play'd their Shams in vain
 Let Shame and Confusion be Plagues to all those,
That are such Tories and Rogues in Grain.

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